

## The Commoner.

### Whether Common or Not.

#### When Wife's Away

When wife's away I strive to keep  
The house as clean as clean can be;  
So, when she comes back home again  
No trace of dirt or dust she'll see.  
But, somehow, men don't seem to have  
The knack of keeping houses neat,  
So, in about three days, or less,  
No scene of wreck is more complete.  
Old papers here, cigar ash there,  
Soiled linen scattered everywhere—  
The beds unmade, the chairs all gray  
With dust, when one's wife is away.

She leaves the house as neat as wax,  
With everything in proper place,  
And when I say I'll keep it clean  
A knowing smile lights up her face.  
I mean to do it, too, but when  
I search for linen 'tis my doom  
To end the task with everything  
Spread broadcast throughout ev'ry room.  
Old flannels here, old trousers there,  
The bedclothes stacked on every chair—  
'Twould seem a cyclone had held sway  
Around the house while wife's away.

The very chairs seem full of life  
And move around from place to place;  
Each corner seems to hunt for dirt  
To flaunt before my very face.  
I seek but once to cook a meal  
And then the kitchen breaks the peace;  
Before I've turned the gas stove off  
The kitchen's full of dirt and grease.  
Bread crumbs are here, and egg-shells there,  
A sick'ning smell pervades the air—  
Do what you will, work as you may,  
Things will go wrong when wife's away.

But worse than dirt or grimy dust  
Is coming home at night to miss  
A smile of welcome at the door;  
To be deprived of childish kiss.  
I see in ev'ry little nook  
Reminders of the loved ones gone—  
Reminders that I can not hide,  
But lonely sit and gaze upon.  
An apron here, a dolly there,  
A hat that pressed o'er ringlets fair—  
Each day a week, each hour a day,  
When wife and baby are away.

#### Fatal Worry

"Poor Thinkem has become insane."  
"You don't tell me! What was the cause?"  
"He discovered an impenetrable armor plate  
and then worried himself crazy for fear that some  
other fellow would invent a projectile that could  
pierce it."

#### Which?

"I see that Dusenberry has been honored with  
the title of 'LL. D.'"  
"Oil or study?"

#### Farmer Josh

"I see by th' papers," remarked Farmer Josh  
Plowem, "that them city fellers air awful worried  
f' fear us farmers won't git enough help t' harvest  
our wheat. We wouldn't hev no trouble harvestin'  
th' kind of wheat a lot o' them city fellers buy an'  
sell."

#### Pride Before a Fall.

The pelican gazed with admiration into the  
mirror-like surface of the water.  
"Surely no other created thing has such a  
magnificent bill," it said.  
"True," remarked the little fish as it wriggled

away; "but you just wait until man has learned  
to preserve ice during the summer and forms a  
trust."

This will explain why the pelicans of today do  
not boast of their large bills.

#### But You Find the Bill

The iceman knocks and out you rush  
To get the ice—the weather's hot.  
But all you find he's left behind  
Upon the porch is one damp spot.

#### The Prim Miss Prim.

"Miss Prim left the Beach Hotel because the  
management admitted to the dining-room men who  
wore shirt-waists."

"Who is Miss Prim?"

"Don't you know Miss Prim? She's the young  
lady whose bathing suit has been the talk of the  
town ever since she came."

#### Guarded.

"Did you say I was a liar!" exclaimed the red-  
faced man.

"No, I did not," replied the little man, guard-  
edly. "I only said your conversation reminded me  
of the weather man's predictions."

#### A Strange Fact

Perhaps you have already made note of the  
fact that the man who drinks whisky in the winter  
to warm himself, is the same man who drinks  
whisky in the summer to cool himself.

—W. M. M.

### Dr. Patton's Advice.

Dr. Patton, president of Princeton college, de-  
livered an interesting address to the graduating  
class. The following extract is made from the re-  
port which appeared in the papers:

"Life is going to be hard. Those not born  
with fortunes will find it very difficult to make  
them, and those who succeed will be few. Let us  
not set our hearts on wealth, because we will be  
disappointed.

"The time is not far off when it will be diffi-  
cult to put an advertisement upon any commodity  
and say of anything that we eat or drink, or wear  
or use, 'this is not made by a trust.' He had  
selected as his text: "And we will take your good-  
liest young men and put them to work."

"My particular audience this morning," de-  
clared Dr. Patton, "is composed of college men  
who are entering upon the work of life. I cannot  
fail to remember that these college men are also  
standing upon the threshold of the new century,  
and the question of the relations of these young  
men and of men similarly situated to these, I  
think, is of some importance.

"I think they should understand the peculiar  
environment in which they live, and with which  
they are, as life goes on, to become better and bet-  
ter acquainted.

"This environment has many phases, and I  
want first to consider the intellectual situation.  
It is hard to put your finger upon the conspicu-  
ously great men now living. There is no Gladstone,  
no Tennyson, no Browning, no Darwin, and no  
sign of any of them. We are living upon the great  
concepts that great men have given us. Darwin's  
generalization has been big enough to go around  
the whole world of biology, and we are busy ap-  
plying it to various fields of its application. And  
yet we must remember that the men of this age  
are living upon a very high plane. Out in Denver  
I noticed that the Rocky mountains disappointed;  
they did not look very high, but I was a mile up  
myself. And after all, the level is pretty high on  
which the average man lives today, and it is a very  
extraordinary sort of a man who is going to rise  
so far above his fellows as to be recognized as a  
conspicuously great man of the Twentieth cen-  
tury."

Touching on religion, Dr. Patton observed that

"This is the significant feature of the times. The  
great concepts in science and philosophy are re-  
ligious and the great trend of thought is toward  
the consummation of the fundamental truths. It  
is hard to find a materialist nowadays, and it is  
true we are not as easily frightened by that word.  
We have come into the place of other nations. We  
have stepped into their steps so rapidly and have  
formed a place among the great powers of the  
world.

"But there is a moral issue involved; great  
and perplexing moral questions emerge.

"We ask ourselves, when we see the nations  
armed to the teeth and making war upon weaker  
nations, whether we are living in the Twentieth  
century of the Christian era. We see that the na-  
tions foremost in the service of the Prince of Peace  
are not studying the things that make for peace  
nor the things wherewith they should edify one  
another; but are studying the things that mean  
for war, and the means by which they may destroy  
one another.

"We would like to have these difficulties set-  
tled. We would like to feel that the march of  
civilization is in harmony with the great law or  
right; that there is a fundamental principle that  
controls every step we take.

"We are not satisfied with the principles that  
seem to govern. We are not satisfied even when  
the supreme court of the United States, having the  
largest jurisdiction of any court in the world, set-  
tles the great question of insular relationship to  
the constitution. It is not that they decided in this  
way or that way, but because they seem to have  
decided it both ways.

"There is difficulty of a fundamental moral  
kind in regard to the question as to whether the  
law of God, which controls individual life, can con-  
trol national life as well. And the question is  
whether you can justify a good end brought about  
by a wrong means."

One of the rural poets doesn't take a cool  
view of the hereafter. He sings:

"Life and love  
An' joy amazin';  
This world hot,  
An' the next one blazin'!"  
—Atlanta Constitution.

### Confessional.

(By Howard S. Taylor.)

God of our Sires who hither fled  
Across a strange and stormy sea,  
Who suffered exile, toiled and bled  
To make themselves and children free,  
—God of the Pilgrims, smite us not!  
We have forgot! We have forgot!

How runs the story? Far away  
We hear the epoch-opening gun  
Fired by our minute men at bay  
Upon the green at Lexington,  
But far and faint we heed it not,  
—Lord God of Hosts, we have forgot!

The Bill of Rights our Fathers signed  
And sealed with shot and saber-stroke,  
Their just appeal to all mankind,  
Their prayers sent up through battle-smoke,  
Their faith humane, without a blot,  
Lord Christ, forgive!—We have forgot!

Ah, if where sunset islands lie,  
Thy brave, brown men their blood shall spill,  
Shall strike for liberty and die,  
Slain by the heirs of Bunker Hill,  
Thou wilt remember, wilt Thou not?  
Though we, Thy people, have forgot!

We have forgot! A Roman lust  
Profanes our ancient, holy things;  
We trample justice in the dust  
We have the rabies of the kings!  
The scarlet rage of gun and sword!  
Have mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Amen!